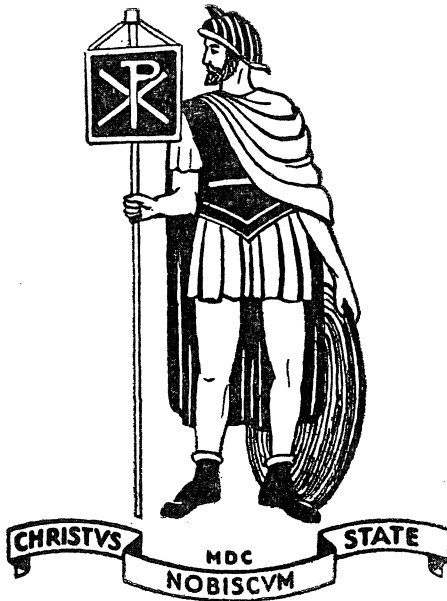


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1953

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 104

MARCH, 1953

EDITOR: MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE:

Barbara Druller, Kathleen Highman, Patricia Wellum, Ann Swinglehurst,
Feast i, Davis, Lancaster.

EDITORIAL

The Committee of the Old Scholars' Guild have been for some time past engaged in compiling a Roll of Honour to include all former scholars who served in the Forces during the second world war. At their request we are printing in this issue a provisional list of the names which, according to their present information, they propose to include. We appeal to our readers to assist them in what is a very difficult task. There are probably many more names which should be added to the list, and it is only with the co-operation of all Old Scholars that anything approaching completeness can be achieved. If, therefore, you know of any omission from the published list, please drop a line to the Guild secretary as soon as possible.

The Staff wish to take this opportunity of thanking all Old Scholars who sent them letters, cards, etc., at Christmas.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Malin, R. M. (VI), 1947-52.
Edmonds, F. D. (VB), 1948-52.
Gibson, S. A. (VB), 1947-52.
* Lovell, W. M. (VB), 1947-52.
* Taylor, M. (VB), 1946-52.
Trevor, W. J. (VB), 1947-52.

Hexley, M. V. (IVa), 1949-52.
Coxhead, S. C. (IVb), 1949-52.
Dryden, D. (IVb), 1949-52.
Wells, M. A. (IVb), 1949-52.
Fitt, N. T. (Ia), 1952.
Gethin, W. R. (Ia), 1952.

* Prefect.

SALVETE

Burkby, J. A. (Ia).

Fletcher, A. P. (IIIb).

There have been 288 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD*President: M. FEAST.**Hon. Secretaries: J. MAHONEY AND N. SMART.**Hon. Treasurer: G. P. BAYLIS.***Christmas Reunion**

On Saturday, December 20th, 1952, the Reunion was held at the School, by kind permission of the Headmaster and the Governors. An excellent meal was served by Mrs. Rutter and her staff.

After the meal the Treasurer and Secretary made their reports, and before the election of Officers and Committee the following rules were decided upon:—

- (1) That if a President be re-elected for a third term of office, a Vice-President shall also be elected, who will then succeed to the Presidency in the following year.
- (2) That the Committee be given power to co-opt members.

G. P. Baylis, who has been President for the past three years, then retired and was heartily thanked for his valuable services. M. Feast was elected President and G. P. Baylis was elected Hon. Treasurer. N. Smart was elected joint-secretary with J. Mahoney, owing to the resignation of M. Whelch. The Committee was then elected as follows:—

Alcester: P. Wheeler, H. Canning, R. Randall, D. Taylor.

Stratford: R. French, G. Winspear.

Haselor and Great Alne: J. Stewart.

Salford Priors: G. Hillman.

Astwood Bank: G. Bomford.

Studley: J. M. Hopkins.

Bidford: B. Slaughter, L. Hartwell.

After some discussion the meeting decided upon the following new rules:—

- (1) Upon joining the Guild new members will pay an enrolment fee of 2s. 6d. to cover the cost of printing and sending of circulars for five years. This fee will be renewable after five years for all members still actively connected with the Guild.

A charge of approximately 5s. (to be fixed by the Committee) will be made for each Reunion, to cover the cost of refreshments and entertainment.

Members arriving after the meal will pay only 2s.

- (2) Old Scholars attending the Reunion may bring their husbands or wives.

After the meeting P. Wheeler ably organised games and dancing in the Hall until midnight, when the proceedings closed with "Auld Lang Syne" and the Grand Goodnight.

Spring Dance

A dance will be held in the Alcester Town Hall on Easter Tuesday, April 7th, 1953, when it is hoped that many old scholars will come and bring their friends. Please note the price of tickets—6s. single and 10s. double. We are hoping that the double tickets will induce many more people to attend so that we can make this dance a financial, as well as a social, success. Ties, at 7s. each, will be on sale at the dance.

ROLL OF HONOUR

Qualifying Period 3rd September, 1939, to 15th August, 1945.

The following list of names will be regarded as correct unless any alteration or addition is received by the Secretary:—

W. R. Alexander	G. H. Figures	*C. M. Naylor
H. T. Allen	W. H. Foster	J. A. O'Neal
R. H. Arnold	L. Fancote	H. G. Orme
R. H. Arnold	J. A. Findon	A. G. Ore
	J. C. Fowler	J. D. Orrell
P. J. Bayne	R. H. Gaydon	W. Parker
K. B. Li. Bailey	D. R. Gwynne-Jones	E. F. Plevin
C. H. Baylis	W. G. Gray	E. W. Perkins
J. H. Bryan		E. H. Portman
F. Bunting	F. Hands	A. J. Partridge
D. C. Baylis	W. T. Hughes	W. A. Partridge
R. B. Biddle	G. D. Horton	*S. M. Peel
M. W. Butt	H. J. Hill	R. A. Price
L. S. Barnett	M. Holman	
A. Baylis	J. A. Higley	
C. E. Blackmore	W. G. Hunt	
S. J. Biddle	J. J. Hemming	G. Ross
*A. G. Barton	F. Houghton	D. E. G. Richards
L. G. Baylis	*E. J. Hawkins	I. C. Robinson
R. H. Buggles	D. O. Hewlett	W. J. Rippington
*J. M. Bradley	B. Hodgkinson	P. H. Rutter
C. H. Bryan	*F. Hawkes	
G. Bullock	G. E. Howes	E. H. Savage
D. Bullock	F. R. Horton	S. C. Scriven
J. K. S. Baylis	*M. E. Harris	E. W. Sherwood
G. W. H. Burdett	P. D. Hale	S. C. Styler
A. W. Brand	R. C. Hunt	W. E. Sherwood
A. J. Booker	E. J. Hadwen	P. H. Sherwood
		F. H. Sisam
J. E. Chambers	*D. M. Ison	I. A. Spiers
E. Chattaway	L. J. Ison	W. E. Savage
*M. E. Clemson	*E. Ison	F. J. Shrimpton
G. T. Collins	S. Ison	*R. E. W. Spencer
*J. N. E. Collett		P. G. Smith
A. D. Collins	*F. Johnson	D. E. W. Spencer
W. J. W. Canning	L. N. Jeary	K. J. Smith
D. G. Collett	G. A. H. Jeary	C. R. B. Smith
G. H. Canning		*C. M. Sherwood
	C. R. Kilby	W. S. Snow
	H. G. Keniston	A. G. Steele
		R. G. Savage
G. H. Davis	T. Lloyd	D. W. Smith
F. Duxbury	G. C. Luker	*G. R. W. Spencer
R. W. Down	M. Lane	J. M. Stewart
*N. Dales		J. V. Sharp
L. C. Dales		C. H. Strain
		J. H. Sutor
E. L. Earp	R. M. Midlane	*M. P. Sisam
W. A. Emery	W. J. Mahoney	J. D. Sumner
P. H. Edwards	J. R. Midlane	G. H. Swift
R. Edmonds	A. F. Mason	
	*P. S. Midlane	
	J. S. Moore	

*Women's Services.

ROLL OF HONOUR—Continued

J. G. Thomas	*M. J. Woodward	G. R. Wilkes
A. F. Taylor	A. A. Wright	J. R. Whitehouse
J. Tombs	J. G. Walters	A. W. Wyton
*W. M. Taylor	R. G. Webb	D. L. Wilkes
	S. K. Walker	
P. W. Warner	K. A. Woods	H. E. Yates
P. E. Wheeler	R. J. Walton	

SERVICE IN AUXILIARY FORCES

A. W. Avery	R. H. Farquhar	*E. Johnson
*A. Bryan	D. C. K. Goode	*E. P. Wood
P. G. Chatterley	H. T. Hewlett	*R. V. Wright
	R. J. Hunt	
	*Women's Services.	

BIRTHS

On November 14th, 1951, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Walker (née June Higgs)—a daughter.

On July 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Curnock (née Betty Day)—a daughter.

On December 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Huxley—a son.

On January 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Collett (née Josephine Allen)—a son.

MARRIAGES

On July 7th, at Studley, John Henry Royden Harris (scholar, 1918-21) to Dorothy Crook.

On November 22nd, at Alcester, Derek Ronald Dance to Sheila Malin (scholar, 1945-48).

On December 6th, at Pershore, John A. Hurst to M. Elizabeth Harris (scholar, 1936-42).

On December 27th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Reginald Charles Cooke to Margaret Cynthia Simcox (scholar, 1946-49).

On January 20th in London, William Geoffrey Hunt (scholar, 1929-39) to Pauline Dorothy Green.

On February 14th, at Ullenhall, Bernard Graham Brown to Jean Archer (scholar, 1944-49).

On February 14th, at Aston Cantlow, Peter Gerald Collins to Rosaline King (scholar, 1943-47).

On February 21st, at Alcester, Harold Dennis Weaver to Vera May Cooke (scholar, 1946-49).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Old Scholars will, we feel sure, wish to join us in sending hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. E. Wells who celebrated their golden wedding on December 30th.

The Rev. W. A. Partridge was consecrated bishop of Nandyal on January 4th. He is to work as assistant Bishop of Calcutta and Bishop's Commissary in the province of Nandyal, India. We are pleased to learn that A.G.S. was represented at the consecration, for Diana Hunt, who is in India, was a member of the congregation.

Sheila Carlyle has now become a State Registered Nurse.

N. P. Burns has now qualified as a doctor and is at present in New York.

Ruth Stone has recently gone to Malaya as a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

We were very pleased to welcome Dr. D. S. Bailey as speaker at this year's Speech Day. He is the first Old Scholar of A.G.S. to perform this function. For several years he was Anglican Chaplain at Edinburgh University, and in 1948 he obtained the degree of Ph.D. (in Divinity). He now holds an important Church appointment in Birmingham.

Audrey Butt, who spent a year in British Guiana, living with an Indian tribe, gained a B.Litt. at Oxford in 1951. She was granted a research scholarship and is now working for her D.Ph.

A LIGHT MATTER

It happened like this. A persuasive electric light representative called at the house and convinced me that It was the Power. So when a card announced that electricians would call to install the wiring, I jumped for joy. Three or four days of feverish activity followed; hammering, banging, dust, cigarette ends, match stalks, nails and bits of plastic wiring and mortar everywhere. Then followed just as frantic sweeping, dusting, cleaning, polishing. I was still hopeful of seeing "The Light."

Now take heed, all other foolish virgins. Consider three whole weeks without the dear old gas. Yes, consider! We have all read "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; but we have not all experienced twenty or more winter's nights and night's cares when one oil-burning lamp sheds its yellow, mellow light; when the fire throws flickering shadows, as in challenge, on polished silver, or long eerie black shadows in the far corners. These are of an age which has passed. Maybe I should see the romance of it. Yes, my memory recalls farm kitchens with their dark oak beams. But even they had two or three lamps! I see the little church at Morton Bagot with its three candles to a pew. That was heavenly for one night—Sunday. Barns, too, where the revelry of twenty-first birthdays was held, float before my eyes, barns illuminated with hurricane lamps and candles. I recollect even hockey-days, with odd candles standing on tin lids in some club house in the darkest days of December.

Friends say: "You will find the Power a boon." But what is it without the cable connecting the house to the main? When it does finally come, methinks I shall feel like a mouse in a brilliantly-lit ballroom. But, be warned: when voices advise you to take out the gas, be sure that it is midsummer, or you will perchance have a Winter's Tale to tell, as has

JESSIE F. HARPER

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

Many people of my acquaintance have exceptionally good memories. They can remember incidents in their life as far back as when they were one or two years of age. I must confess that I am not so gifted, and even today everyone bewails the fact that my memory is so short. Perhaps, in my own personal case, the inability to remember much of my childhood days is due to the fact that nothing really outstanding happened. For instance, no great unhappiness ever touched my life, nothing that may have imprinted itself so clearly in the mind of a child. Admittedly the war years always bring back the memory of sleeping downstairs on a mattress, which was then to me a wonderfully new and exciting experience. I remember how, even when there was no imminent danger of air-raids, my parents were wheedled into sleeping on the dining-room floor.

My earliest recollection is rather disjointed, for it links up with nothing distinctly in my memory. I can just remember (I was about three years old) coming out of a shop in the High Street, clutching a big teddy-bear, wearing an enormous red ribbon round its neck.

Any memories I have of a house are connected with my grandmother's. It used to be the old Grammar School House, and my Uncle Jack kept his chickens in the former playground. I remember that the house, being very dark, always seemed full of mysteries to me. Like David Copperfield, I too was afraid of a dark doorway. It stood in the passage between my grandmother's bedroom, and that of my uncle. To this day I have never found that door open, and even now I confess that I pass it with quickened footsteps.

There was an attic in that house. A dark attic. At all times, day or night, my old grandmother would climb the stairs, sometimes in complete darkness. I remember creeping up behind her, missing the third step from the bottom because it creaked. I should have loved to have played in that attic, but, though I would have died rather than admit it, I was afraid of those dark corners and crannies.

One of my recollections always makes me shudder. The boy next door, who was always my faithful partner in crime, sat in the garden and ate worms! I shall always remember the horrid feeling in my stomach, as I watched him, eyes round with admiration. We have been in many scrapes together, including the robbery of Mr. Portman's tomato plants from his carefully cultivated garden; the tipping of buckets full of sand into mother's soft water tank, while my father was busily cementing the garden-path. Many times have we run together down the hill, carefully carrying stolen treasures of holly and ivy from the wood near our home.

It is amazing how old one feels when writing about one's past life. I am only fifteen, and yet I feel as if I have come to the end of my youthful days of carefree childhood.

C. WOODWARD (IV_A).

THE INTERVIEW

Mingled were my feelings on that great day not long ago, when I received a letter asking me to attend for an interview at a large London hospital. I felt elated, excited and yet nervous—elated to think that my qualifications had brought me at least a chance to see the hospital, excited at the vivid pictures in my mind of my possible future, and nervous at the prospect of meeting that great lady, the Matron.

Snatches of the advice, which I had been given many times concerning this important event, ran through my head, but the next day I was sufficiently collected to prepare for my week-end in London.

After two days as the guest of my sister, I was escorted by her across London to the Hospital. We stood at the large ornamental gates and, undecided in which direction to proceed, asked a young nurse to help us.

Having crossed the large forecourt, on the instructions of the commissionaire we passed through an archway and continued past the huge stone building until we arrived at the Matron's office. In the beautifully-furnished waiting-room I was immediately put at my ease by the smile of the secretary and lost any previous nervousness.

On the journey I had planned what I should say if Matron asked me this, what if she asked me that, but during the extremely short interview I realised that most of my forethoughts had been unnecessary, as I was asked very few questions.

Looking back on my first interview it seems almost incredible to me that one's future life can be made or marred by a few minutes' conversation, but I found it an enjoyable experience, although unnerving beforehand.

K. HIGHMAN (VI).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring term opened on Monday, January 12th, and closes on Wednesday, April 1st.

* * *

Susan Salmons and Sheila Winspear have been appointed prefects.

* * *

On Friday, November 28th, an address to boys of the Sixth and Fifth was given by Dr. D. S. Bailey on entry into the ministry of the Church.

* * *

On Monday, December 1st, a film illustrating the Thames country was shown to Forms i, ii and iii by the courtesy of Messrs. Marsh of Harvington.

* * *

On Wednesday, December 10th, lectures were given to senior pupils on the Royal Naval Air Force and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

* * *

Country dance parties were arranged for the lower school on Friday, December 12th, and for the rest of the school on Monday, December 15th.

The school play was presented in the evenings of December 18th, 19th and 20th, at the Youth Hut. This year the play chosen was "Mystery at Greenfingers," by J. B. Priestley.

* * *

On Wednesday, December 17th, the annual carol service was held in Alcester Parish Church.

* * *

On Monday, December 22nd, the Dramatic Society held their party.

* * *

At the closing assembly last term the following received colours:—
Hockey: Sylvia Devey, Susan Salmons, Sheila Winspear, Pamela O'Nions;
Netball: Sheila George.

* * *

On Friday, January 16th, several members of the Sixth and Fifth forms, with Mr. Ames, visited a scientific conversazione at the Midland Institute in Birmingham. They spent an interesting and instructive evening.

* * *

On Friday, January 23rd, members of the Sixth and Fourth forms' Geography groups, accompanied by Miss Webley, Mr. Thornton and M. Leroy, visited the factory of Messrs. Cadbury at Bournville. The party was split up into small groups and conducted round the factory. The afternoon concluded with tea.

* * *

On Saturday, February 14th, members of the two girls' hockey teams, with other enthusiasts and Miss Smith, Miss Lavery and Miss Jolley, went to Edgbaston to watch the Midlands v. South match on the County Cricket ground.

* * *

Members of the Sixth and Fifth forms, with Mrs. Petherbridge, Miss Morris, Mr. McAlister and M. Leroy, attended a performance of Molière's "Don Juan," given by the Cercle Francais of Birmingham University, on Wednesday, February 18th.

* * *

Speech Day was held on Thursday, February 19th, the certificates, prizes and cups being presented, and the address given, by the Rev. Dr. D. S. Bailey, a former pupil of the school.

* * *

School examinations are arranged to take place in the week beginning March 16th.

THE PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION

When, towards the end of winter, the winds become less cold and the weather milder, people everywhere begin to think of Spring and all its opportunities and pleasures. Even the thought of them brings pleasure in anticipation.

Anticipation begins at a very early age in every child. Forbidden to leave the garden alone, he makes the resolution to do so "when I'm grown up." He looks forward to that time, not realising that even as it approaches, he will encounter many disappointments. A girl, with an elder sister, can anticipate the excitement of her first dance each time the "grown up" attends one. Nevertheless, the pleasure of the anticipation develops for each person into a real pleasure which has been increased by the weeks of eagerly awaiting this night. When the desire to own a car or another expensive article first makes itself felt, there may have to be months of preparation and steady earning and saving before the dream can be realised. The future owner makes plans in advance—plans which seem feasible at the time and cause enjoyment in the making, even though they may prove impracticable later on. However, half the joy of possession is in the anticipation before the gift or purchase is made.

There is pleasure for the invalid and the skilled games-player in anticipation. The invalid, knowing that he must undergo treatment for a considerable length of time, but will be cured at the end of the period, can formulate, in his mind, how he will use his life when he regains his full powers. He can better bear his present pain and discomfort with the prospect of health and ease waiting for him in the future. He might even be able to emulate his favourite footballer, whose progress through the league he follows weekly in the papers. He can imagine himself standing ready to tackle an advancing, sure-footed forward at just the right moment, to wrest the ball from him and send it flying up the field to one of his own men in position to take it through and shoot. He experiences the haunting possibility that he may bungle the tackle, but even that is drowned in his excitement at his own ability to anticipate his opponent's next move and foil it. Anticipation can do much to set a man on the way to recovery and success.

Even in the animal kingdom, there is pleasure in anticipation. Perhaps it is most noticeable in domestic animals, but it is present in some degree in all beasts. A dog, seeing its owner putting on or wearing a coat, cannot exclude from its mind the possibility that a run in the hills or just a sedate walk along a country lane is in store. These outings may be rare, and so all the more enjoyable. The opening of a cupboard door may herald a sweet or titbit of some description and a furiously wagging tail shows the pleasure such a thought brings. It need hardly be pointed out that in some cases anticipation may be the very opposite of pleasurable. A lion or other beast of prey marks down his victim who, although probably on guard against dangers in general, is unconscious of the particular one threatening him. The victim would not share the pleasure of the stalker if he were conscious that he would be satisfying another's hunger after a short interval.

Anticipation can nullify or mitigate unhappiness in the prospect of better things to come. Even examinations can be endured in the knowledge that, in the near future, they will be over and that then they can be forgotten until the results are issued.

BARBARA DRULLER (VI).

MYSTERY AT GREENFINGERS

Some time after we had been back at school in September, it was decided that the Dramatic Society were to be sufficiently ambitious to present J. B. Priestley's play "Mystery at Greenfingers." As we had very little time to prepare it we "got down to it" straight away. Time simply flew, and we were rehearsing gaily, when it was suddenly discovered that the play was due to go on in about three weeks, and none of us knew our lines properly. Many a time and oft we sat in the library feverishly muttering lines while awaiting the arrival of our producer, Miss Young.

As zero hour crept closer the muttering became more frenzied and frequent, but now we muttered anywhere and everywhere. One member of the cast, to this day, still mutters her lines in her sleep!

On the day of the dress rehearsal, whilst we were being made-up, the rain came through the roof and we spent an anxious time dodging spots. We were somewhat dubious about how this play was to "go off," and the dress rehearsal did not console us much, especially when we reached the third act and two members of the cast, who did much to explain the plot, just simply staggered through their lines.

Came first night, the dressing room was freezing, and we shivered in our socks. However, once on that stage we felt hot enough!

Every act went off successfully, thanks to patient drilling the day before by our Producer, while the rest of the school were singing lustily in Alcester Parish Church.

It seemed that everything happened, or rather did *not* happen, on the last night.

At the beginning of the second act the rain began to pour through the roof onto the stage, narrowly missing our heads and actually splashing our legs as it fell to the floor. It was very hard not to laugh outright. Whether the audience thought it was part of the entertainment we shall never know, but one actor could barely say his lines because he was so amused!

In the third act another "amusing" incident occurred in that the gun did not fire. We all felt rather stupid diving to the floor with terrific screams to a very tiny click! Perhaps the audience considered they were cheated of an excitement, but many of us felt it was an improvement on Priestley's plan.

The timing of this shot had not been the least of our difficulties. There was the problem of landing Crowther a convincing knock-out blow without bashing his head through the Youth Hut wall, and arranging a mat for him to fall upon without impeding the exit of the escaping crooks. The tangle of bodies behind scenes in the two square feet at our disposal was a sight the audience would have relished, but it was as well they did not see.

Nor was the "wireless voice" achieved without many headaches. We were rather proud of our "announcer," but at times despaired of making him heard and were extremely thankful that the dangerous apparatus necessary—which might have killed us!—never even gave us the

slightest shock. For this we are largely indebted to a co-opted Fourth Form scientist, who not only provided the gramophone pick-up and carbon microphone, but also erected and dismantled the contraption for us each night.

The doors also nearly drove us mad, and the stage manager's frenzy at the sight of us pushing them the wrong way is something we would rather not remember too frequently!

Finally we must mention the one member of our cast who was called upon more than most of us to suffer the martyrdom of make-up. We refer, of course, to our French chef. It is true that last year's Billy Blee remarked with envy that "at least he was able to wear his own hair," but alas his best friends hardly recognised him after forty minutes amid "soot" and false hair.

We owe, of course, many thanks to all those people who loaned us shirts and suits, crockery, cutlery, vases, furniture and what-have-you, on these occasions, to say nothing of those people who do not belong to the Society, but who rally round us and make our wild schemes a physical reality. We can only hope that they obtained as much pleasure from the resulting play as we did, for in spite of all our trials and tribulations, we thoroughly enjoyed presenting it, and we hope that the audience who so kindly supported us gained much pleasure from it too.

PAT WELLUM (VB).

A MEETING OF THE HUNT

There was a frosty nip in the early morning air. The trees and hedges stood out like ghostly figures against the horizon, for the hoar frost had given the whole countryside an ethereal appearance and atmosphere. Nevertheless quite a large number of villagers were gathered outside the "Boar's Head" eagerly awaiting the first arrivals at the meet. Many were stamping their feet and rubbing their gloved hands in order to keep warm, while others relied upon their tongues to prevent them from freezing. Those who had been lucky enough to come by car wisely stayed in them. However, the children—who never seem to feel the cold like their elders—were thoroughly enjoying themselves, sliding up and down on a frozen pool of water between two cart ruts.

Suddenly everyone stopped what they were doing and listened, as the faint ring of horses' hooves could be heard echoing up the lane. Hoots and shouts from the excited youngsters rent the still air, and even the grown-ups forgot how cold they were, as all heads craned in the direction of the oncoming horses. The first arrivals drew up outside the picturesque old country inn, and a gasp of admiration arose from the onlookers as they noticed the magnificent black stallion, which was ridden by the new tenant at Hill Farm.

The villagers' attention was drawn from the handsome mounted young farmers and squires, and their smart ladies, by the arrival of the horse-box containing the hounds. Excitement mounted as the Huntsman and his "whipper-in" tried to control the impatient hounds, who, finding themselves once more in the open, dashed here and there between the legs of men, women and children, and the horses. A crack of the whip quietened the hounds, and the members of the Hunt made way for their Master, as he quietly took his place in the centre of this merry scene.

After the harassed little innkeeper, in his spotlessly clean apron, had welcomed the Master, he signed to his staff to bring out the refreshments. The wine was especially welcomed by all the members of the meet, but the poor onlookers had to continue "looking-on" enviously.

Any talented artist, armed with brush and paints, would have loved to do justice to this colourful scene. The "hunting pink" of the Master, Huntsman and Whip contrasted perfectly with the immaculate black which was worn by the rest of the "field." The cream doeskin breeches, black riding caps and high black boots with brown tops perfected the riders' dress. The horses—beautiful animals in themselves—with their shining harness and highly polished leather saddles added to the beauty of the picture, and the hounds, with their carefully-groomed white, black and tan coats, completed it.

The Master cast an impatient glance around him, causing glasses to be tipped back hurriedly; the Whip began to gather the more affectionate hounds from the hands of the children, and the mothers to rescue their children from the danger of being trampled on by the impatient stamping horses, who were tired of standing still and were eager to be off.

At last all was ready. The Huntsman rose in his stirrups, put the horn to his lips, and the clear notes of the "tantivy" echoed across the fields, warning all would-be-roaming foxes to stay in their holes.

The Master led the Hunt down the lane and across the fields, while the villagers, having waved the "field" out of sight, turned to go about their usual daily chores, thinking no doubt that the "Meeting of the Hunt" was still one of the most beautiful scenes in England.

MAVIS A. BENNETT (VA).

AT A HOCKEY MATCH

When one goes to a hockey—or football—match, it is impossible not to notice the little eccentricities of surrounding people.

There is, for instance, the man at the end of your row, wearing a scarlet cap which, it seems, he must have borrowed from an American baseball player. This same man's shoes you notice, having trodden on them in returning to your seat during the interval, are most elaborately patterned, looking more as though they had been carved out of wood than fashioned in leather.

Then there is the man behind you, and, you presume, his wife; he may be classified as one of the old-boy type; judging by his speech he must have come from one of the "rather better" schools. As the game continues you find he has an exasperating habit of punctuating it with such patronising remarks as "Bad luck," and "Oh, well played."

Then again, behind you is a man whose female companion obviously knows the game inside-out, and is apparently attempting to instruct her friend in the intricacies of the game. He promptly proves his ignorance by awarding one side a penalty corner, when it is actually a "25."

In front of you are two schoolgirls. They most annoyingly stand up at the commencement of the game, to wave to a friend, thus ensuring that you miss the "bully off." These two proceed to display their lack of interest in the game by continually commenting on the "beautiful red hair of the home side's right wing," "the brilliant green shorts of one team," and "the hat of the lady in front."

Sitting on the other side of you are two rather crusty looking, elderly ladies who appear to think that an Arctic blizzard will ensue, though I suppose they cannot be blamed for this misapprehension, as the ground surrounding the pitch is about six inches deep in snow. Both these ladies are wearing creamy-coloured fur coats, and look as though they have about half a dozen thick woolly jumpers on underneath. They are equipped with two rugs and a hot-water bottle each. When they first arrived and began to settle themselves in, you probably scoffed at them—"Fancy bringing all that stuff!" but as the game wears on you begin to think—"Why didn't I bring a rug and hot-water bottle?"

The game ends and everyone prepares to depart.

You've been to just another hockey match.

ANN SWINGLEHURST (IV).

A PAINFUL FUTURE

At long last sweets are off ration, and how we bless the Minister of Food for this kind gesture. I am sure he must have made it with British schoolchildren in mind. Now we can chew to our heart's delight, and how sustaining sweets are during a boring lesson!

When the teacher's back is turned, we carefully unwrap the paper, which persists in crinkling annoyingly. If she happens to glance round and eye us curiously, we just give her an innocent smile. She turns to the blackboard again, and with one swift action, the fruit-drop—or whatever it may be—is deposited in an anxiously-waiting mouth.

I have a peculiar feeling, which tells me that the mobile dental clinic will be visiting Alcester Grammar School very regularly in the near future!

ANN FREEMAN (III).

THE JOYS OF TELEVISION

I once watched television!! It was a play not recommended for children, but as no one was at home to stop me, I watched it. *Never again* will I disregard the announcer's warning.

It was "The Face at the Window." Most of the time I cowered in terror in my chair, but hadn't the sense to turn the thing off. At the end I was shaking with fright, but that wasn't the worst of it. That night I had the most dreadful nightmares and had to confess to Mummy what I had done. Eventually I went to sleep again, but in her room, not my own. I have not yet heard the last of it, but have certainly learned my lesson.

MARY THOMAS (IIA).

HIGH HOPES

One day we arranged to go for a trip to the town. As we set out in the car, I was thinking of all the wonderful and exciting presents I would return home with.

When we drove into the car-park, I had high hopes of buying my presents and visiting the shops. We got out of the car and, just as we were walking away, I remembered that I had left my purse in the car. I ran back to the car, while the rest of the family walked on slowly. Just as I was about to get my purse, the wind blew very strongly and shut my hand in the door.

I returned to the others and told them about the wind and car door, and then we went on shopping. Just as we came out of a shop and walked down the road, I was not looking where I was going and bumped straight into a lamp-post. The bump from the lamp-post gave me a black swelling under the eye.

In the end I did not find any suitable presents, and had to return home only with a black finger nail and black eye. It just shows that you should never have too high hopes, because very often things do not work out as you planned them.

ANN PINFIELD (IIB).

ONE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

On Friday afternoons many pupils wander rather aimlessly about the countryside, hoping to find some obscure specimen that will be greeted with surprise and interest by their fellow members in the Natural History Society.

The most memorable occasion this term was an encounter with a small gudgeon, about one and a half inches long.

A description of the encounter follows:—

THE DATE: Friday, February 20th.

THE TIME: 2.50 p.m.

THE PLACE: On the river bank at Alcester.

Two members are examining a net full of a filthy substance dragged from the river, in which are writhing water animals of a singularly repulsive appearance. They are searching for the aforesaid obscure specimen, but

in vain. The net is cleared of the unlikely animals and returned to the water. The holder of the net, being optimistic, remarks that he has a good chance of catching a "peche," which, roughly translated from the mystic language used by members of IIIA, means a fish. The net is lifted from the water. One of the boys examines it, and is startled by a silvery object leaping wildly about in the net.

Contrary to popular belief, I did not eat the unfortunate member of the piscine population of the Arrow. It is still alive in a tank at my house, *not* being fattened up for my tea!

D. E. SALE (IIIA).

MY HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

Not very long ago I went to stay with a friend at her house, which stood on the lonely moors of Scotland. After settling in, Josephine—that is my friend's name—and I decided to explore the secret passages I had already heard of. More interesting than this was the family ghost, as all these old houses are said to have one. This ghost, Josephine said, was supposed to be a beautiful woman, who killed herself because her husband was shot while being arrested for smuggling.

Close to midnight I heard strange noises, like soft footsteps. I crept out of bed and opened the door. Seeing nothing I crept back and woke Josephine; then we both went softly down the stairs. The noises seemed to be coming from some steps which led down to the cellar, where you could hear the river very plainly. Thinking of smuggling and ghosts, we ventured through the door. As I walked in something softly touched my face. Feeling very scared now, I screamed out, when Josephine suddenly laughed and said, "Here's your ghost." To my astonishment it was nothing more than a white owl. Feeling very cold by now, Josephine and I were glad to creep back into bed, none the worse for our adventure.

SYLVIA TILSLEY (IB).

A VISIT TO ASCOT

Ascot is about eighty miles from where I live. We started at seven o'clock in the morning and we stopped at Windsor for lunch. After that we went to the castle. We went inside St. George's Chapel and saw the vault in which King George VI was put. We went up the stone staircase to the top of the Round Tower. The view from the top was wonderful; the people looked like little ants crawling along.

We arrived at Ascot at one o'clock. After we had parked the coach we went on to the course. At the beginning we saw the Queen drive up the course with the Duke of Edinburgh. My father and my uncle went to the grand-stand, while I went with my mother. When the Queen was seated in her box, a kind lady lent me her field glasses so that I could look at the Queen.

For the last race I went to the start. When the riders came up I recognised many jockeys, especially Gordon Richards and Lester Piggott.

We left at half-past six, and went to London to see a show called "Ranch in the Rockies." We arrived home at a quarter to three the next morning. I was lucky that it was Saturday, for if it had been a school day I could not have got up.

P. GILL (IA).

OLLA PODRIDA

At Weston, writes C. S., the tide goes out so that people may sit on the beach.

A Sixth form English student remarks that Shakespeare was the Greek poet about whose works there was so much controversy.

M. B. informs us that she saw a fire-engine in a fireplace.

A civil war, says P. W., is a war in which they don't use guns.

Weston has an embracing air, declares K. N.

What kind of river is it which flows in the same way, but in the opposite direction?

SPRING

Spring is coming very soon,
Bringing lovely flowers in bloom.
Primroses and Violets sweet,
Make a carpet at our feet.

Birds are singing in the trees,
Twittering in the gentle breeze;
While below the lambs are bleating,
Frolicking gaily, jumping, leaping.

In the meadows rippling sweetly,
Streams are twining, slowly, neatly.
Water-lily and Bulrush grow,
Newts and Tadpoles swim below.

Children in the fields do play,
Laughing gaily all the day.
They are glad that Spring is here,
"Goodbye to Winter dull and drear."

JOYCE DIXON (IIIb).

T. J. McTOODLE

Whose paws have made this muddy trail
Right across the polished floor?
Who has torn Great Aunt's best veil?
And who has scratched the cupboard door?
Is it Timothy James McToodle?

Oh, Master McToodle, you are a bad cat!
Again I must labour to polish this floor
And how shall I mend Great Aunt's best hat?
I have no veiling, of that I am sure.
Oh, Timothy James McToodle!!

There is never a chance which escapes your eye
To muddle up this and tear up that.
You may be bad but I cannot see why
You should not be a cuddly, lovable cat.
Please try, Timothy James McToodle.

GWYNETH RICHARDS (IIA).

A PLEASANT RECOLLECTION

I remember, I remember
A play I acted in.
It was performed at school one day
With such a lot of din;
We practised till our voices cracked
Before lunch time that day;
Then, when we had revived ourselves
We talked about—the play.

I remember, I remember
When, hid from audience view,
Eight characters with nerves on edge
All waited for their cue;
We reached the end without mishap
And made our parting bow;
And having worried then so much
We laugh at ourselves now.

RUTH HIGHMAN (IVA).

THE KILL

Winter had set in, the snow and sleet had lashed the earth, and now it was an expanse of iron-hard soil. The ridges of a ploughfield, with their thin covering of powdery snow, were as hard as baked clay; the trees stood as lone sentinels, rigid and clearly defined in the clear night air. The earth looked like a barren, inhospitable wilderness.

But although the earth looked uninhabited, it was far from it. The strident voice of a cock-pheasant came clearly from a small coppice, and many small, dark, silent shapes could be seen moving along, foraging for food.

One of these shapes, rather larger than the others, wriggled through a hole in a hedge; it was a large dog fox. For this particular animal, hunting that night had not been a success; all he had found was a dying sparrow and a frog in the last stages of decomposition. The first he had eaten, but the latter he had scornfully ignored.

With the approach of morning he had almost given up hope, when, about two fields away, came a loud report; some six pigeons rose from the ground and the report was repeated. One of the pigeons fell, four flew on and one began to climb. It climbed until it was a mere spot in the sky, silhouetted against the pale moon and then, suddenly, its wings seemed to give way and it came crashing down to earth about fifty yards from the fox. In a second he had reached "his" kill and had it in his jaws, while the man who had run to the hedge raised his gun and fired. The small shot whistled over the fox and struck the earth twenty yards ahead. The man, enraged by the audacity of the fox, fired again and this time the shot ripped up the earth about three yards behind him. One pellet struck him in the hind leg, but he felt no pain as the distance was too great for injury to be caused. Once again the man pressed the trigger, but there came no bang, only a click, as the hammer flew home—the gun was empty!

Still grasping his prize, the fox made for his home, while the hunter, with a grunt of anger and many silent threats, in the most colourful language, shouldered his gun and made off.

N. J. PINFIELD (III A).

A QUEER FISH

Once last year, while we were on our summer holidays, we were walking along the beach when we saw some swimmers running towards us. When they reached us they said there was a big fish in the sea a bit further up the beach. So we went with them, and at first we could see nothing. Then we saw a huge fish lying on the breakwater. We moved closer to it and discovered it had spikes on its nose. Daddy picked it up and it was very heavy indeed. We found out after that it was an Angler fish, and that the spikes on its nose were for catching other little fish.

PATRICIA LATHAM (IA).

THE FLOOD RELIEF FUND

One morning as I sat buttering my toast
 I thought of the people on the East Coast.
 Had they a nice fire or comfortable chair?
 Or had they got the floods still there?
 I then went upstairs and fetched my purse,
 Counting the contents; things couldn't be worse.
 I finally decided to ask Dad for a job
 Which would earn me, I hoped, a couple of bob.
 And now the job's finished and Daddy won't pay,
 But Mummy's come forward and she's saved the day.
 And now I'm longing to take my donation
 To swell the funds from all the nation.

JENNIFER MANNING (II A).

A BICYCLE RIDE

Said, Johnny to me with a scowl,
"Listen how the wind does howl."
"My word," said he, "with such a breeze
It nearly blows us round the trees."
At half a mile an hour we crawl,
It's a wonder we're even moving at all.

Said Johnny to me with a frown,
"I knew the wind would die right down.
It always does when we decide
To start back on our homeward ride.
It's still hard going without a doubt,
But I've got some practice from that ride out."
P. SEENEY (IIIb).

BABY WATCHING!

This story is going to be about something that happened to a friend and me. One day the mother of the baby that my friend takes out, asked her if she would mind looking after the baby while she went to visit a person in hospital. She said she would do this, and I was asked if I would like to look after him as well.

About two o'clock we took the baby a walk, and then we brought him back to have his sleep. However, when we got in the house, the baby went to sleep. A little while later it began to rain, and my friend ran to put the pram in the shed and I went to fetch some clothes off the line. We left the baby in the house. Just then the wind began to blow, and it blew the door shut. Now the door had a Yale lock, and we had not got the key and, as it was only a little cottage, there was no other door.

At first we did not know what to do. We could see the little boy in the house and we thought he might fall into the fire. But in the end we found there was a window open at the back, so we went and asked a lady if she would lend us her ladder. My friend got through the window and unlocked the door. So all was well in the end.

VALERIE LIVELY (IIb).

AN AWKWARD JOB

One day, while we were having breakfast, my mother happened to glance at the ceiling. "Oh dear, we must stick the paper back this morning," she said to us. So after we had washed and put away the crockery, we took the rugs and the chairs outside, covered the table and sideboard with newspaper, and prepared to start.

My father erected the step ladder, and mother climbed up and loosened the paper. She next pasted the ceiling ready to stick the paper back again. Then came an opportunity for all of us to give a hand. Mummy stayed on top of the ladder and guided the paper so that it was straight. My sister went half-way up and held a clean mop against the paper to prevent it from tearing. Daddy had a broom with a clean duster on the end and pressed the paper to the ceiling, and I had another broom and duster doing the same.

We stuck it once but it was crooked; again we tried, but there was an air bubble in it. Hot and bothered, we tried again. At last it was fixed. Then through the back door came a friend of Daddy's. We were so glad he hadn't appeared sooner, as he was laughing at us as we then appeared. I don't know how we would have got on if he had come before, as he would have laughed all the time and made things harder than they were.

KATHLEEN RICHARDS (IVa).

WASHING

When mother says, "Now wash your neck,
And do not let me see a speck,"
I groan and say "Oh not today,
Can't I just go out and play?"
But she just says, "Now wash it dear,
And also wash behind your ear."
I pick up soap and scrubbing brush,
And over it I quickly rush.
When I go downstairs oh so neat,
She says, "My dear, you do look sweet."

JOAN HODGETTS (Ib).

PRIZE LIST, 1951-52

On Speech Day, in addition to the Oxford General Certificates of Education, the following presentations were made:—

HEAD BOY'S PRIZE—Warburton.

HEAD GIRL'S PRIZE—Barbara Druller.

FORM PRIZES—Form VI: Gowers, Bradley, Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster. Form VA: Bolt, Malin, Peace, Pat Williams. Form IVA: Davis, Aspinwall. Form IVB: Gillett, Hilary Wilkes. Form IIIA: Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope. Form IIIB: Pamela O'Nions, Sally Hunt. Form IIA: Ann Freeman. Form IIB: Pat Fowler, Mary James. Form IA: Gwynneth Richards, Jill Burford. Form IB: Mills ii, Alma Taylor.

PROGRESS PRIZES—Lancaster, Valerie Baseley, Merris, Sylvia Bint, Janet Bullock, Nixon.

SPENCER CUP (for best result in G.C.E.)—Gowers.

MASON CUP (for best pupil in Middle School)—Ann Swinglehurst.

SCOUT CUP—Beavers (Patrol Leader, Ludlow).

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS FOR GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

In the examinations held in December, the following pupils, sitting at the Coventry centre, obtained certificates:—

VITH AND VTH FORMS

All ordinary level.

J. A. K. V. Aalbregt, *Geography*; M. Bunting, *Geography*; D. M. Dunnett, *English Language*; W. H. L. Feast, *Physics*; B. Goward, *Latin*; W. M. Lovell, *History*; M. Taylor, *English Literature*; W. J. Trevor, *History, Mathematics*.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President—Feast i.

Treasurer—Goward.

Social Secretary—Gillett.

Secretary—Savage i.

The most recent production of the Dramatic Society, "Mystery at Greenfingers," by J. B. Priestley, having received adequate comment elsewhere, there is no point in this report covering the same ground. Suffice to say that the kind criticisms made of us and to us were a most gratifying reward after a very strenuous term's effort.

This term has been a period of recovery from the blank-shot practices and nerve-racking moments in general.

Our centre of activity remains the Geography Room, where we feel somewhat at a disadvantage to be so much on view, to say nothing of the distraction caused to our concentration by the watching of the local troops! We have managed to present a successful afternoon of Historical Charades—where our History was sadly strained, but our mime was much improved—and we have also ventured into the field of the Formal Debate and the Mock Trial. These latter items compensated in enjoyment for what they lacked in polish, and we hope to repeat the venture anon. We would not care to reveal all our decisions to the school in general—who, for example, was the chairman whose casting vote decided in favour of retaining homework?

Finally, as those of you who saw our play will agree, we have some very highly-spirited characters in our midst, and we must therefore pay tribute to the very courageous way in which Miss Young endeavours to cope with, and restrain, all our more revolutionary ventures.

B. GOWARD.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Cet hiver la grippe a fait des ravages partout, même dans les rangs du cercle. Peu de membres assistèrent aux réunions de ce trimestre. Cependant nous avons continué nos jeux. Dans celui des phrases célèbres nous avons appris que J. Edwards a dit un jour à M. Truman, "Ma chemise a la blancheur Persil."

N'oublions pas de dire le plaisir que nous ont causées les visites de Françoise, à la fin du trimestre dernier, et d'Yvette en février. Elles acceptèrent, avec beaucoup de gentillesse, de participer aux jeux, et nous donnèrent des nouvelles de la France et de la mode de Paris. Remercions-les d'être venues nous voir.

PAUL LEROY.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Our activities this term have so far been confined to the building of an enlarger. This work has been greatly helped by the fact that we can now use the new woodwork centre, which has advantages over an ordinary form room. The framework of the enlarger is now complete, and we hope to be able to use it next term.

SHEILA A. HALL (Hon. Treasurer).

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This Term the members of the Scientific Society have continued to give talks. This includes a combined effort by Allen, Bailey and Beard on Cadbury's factory at Bournville, which they had visited the previous Friday, with a geography group. As Mr. Thornton also attended this outing we joined for that afternoon the Mathematics Society, under the direction of Mr. Davison. Among other interesting talks, there was one by Treadgold on "The Development of British Cars."

For a change, one week everybody was given a topic on which to talk for one minute.

Arrangements are being made for the society to visit the Alcester needle factory in the very near future. It is being delayed at present, as the factory is shorthanded, owing to influenza.

M. FINNEMORE (Secretary).

THE WOODWORK SOCIETY

At present we have only a few members, but we hope that the membership will increase next year. The society members have been making a good number of articles, from pipe-racks to table-lamps, and we hope to extend our work to larger things soon.

We have a complete set of tools for the society, which we find quite adequate for our work, although we have to supply the wood for our own use.

SCOUTS

During this term every one of the first form recruits has passed his Tenderfoot. They were invested by the Rev. E. Knight, Commissioner for Henley-in-Arden. This happened to be his last investiture before his retirement. Everybody has started on their Second Class, and if it is completed, the troop will go to camp. We hope to go from July 26th to August 6th.

Until the end of term the Field Commissioner, Mr. D. Dudley, is coming down each week to give us the benefit of his experience. The P.L's and 2nds stay behind on Friday afternoons for extra instruction by Mr. Dudley.

On February 27th the troop was visited by Lord Guernsey, the County Commissioner. Afterwards the P.L's and 2nds went to a Memorial Service for B.P. at Leamington, followed by a camp fire.

It is hoped that week-end camps for P.L's and 2nds can be arranged after the Easter holidays. The cup for the best patrol has been won by the Beaver Patrol (K, Ludlow, P.L.).

B. MERRIS.

A.G.S. PLATOON, 7/11 WARWICKSHIRE BATTALION, ARMY CADET FORCE

This term training has continued in three forms, viz., marching, rifle-drill and field-craft. All the cadets now have uniforms, and a certain amount of equipment, including five rifles, has come through.

A hut has been promised, and will eventually be erected on the school playing field.

Camp will be held between 26th July and 2nd August, and will be at a site near Morecambe. It is hoped that as many cadets as possible will attend.

We have been visited by Captain Wheeler, O.C. of the Alcester Cadets, and by Captain Curtis, Battalion Training Officer.

B. MILLER, Cpl.

FOOTBALL

Captain: Savage i

Vice-Captain: Peace.

Hon. Secretary: Feast i.

Owing to the decision that the boys will no longer play hockey, but concentrate on football as their winter game for both terms, only a short list of fixtures could be arranged for the present term. Adverse weather conditions have further limited our matches, and up to the present only one match has been possible—that with Chipping Campden. The match was well-contested, the teams being, on the whole, evenly matched, though the home side's centre forward was outstanding.

RESULT

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 1—4.

J.E.P.

HOCKEY

Captain: P. Aspinwall.

Vice-Captain: S. George.

Secretary: P. Elmore.

So far this term the weather has been kind to our Saturday fixtures. We have had no cancellations, and, although losing two first eleven players at Christmas, have been successful in all matches.

Two of our most closely contested and enjoyable games were played against Redditch, who are Junior Champions of Worcestershire, and we were very pleased to emerge victorious on both occasions—a feat which has not been accomplished for several seasons.

Another match which will long be remembered was played against Chipping Campden, who had previously beaten us earlier in the season. Arriving amidst raging sleet and snow, we played continually with and against the blowing gale. Later this term we look forward to another enjoyable game, but in less extreme conditions!

Owing to illness the second eleven has been a very changed team, but on two occasions out of four, has nevertheless recorded a victory.

Practices have not yet been resumed after school, but we hope to continue them as soon as the weather permits.

The following have represented the 1st XI: B. Druller, S. George, A. Lidgely, S. Winspear, P. Aspinwall, K. Richards, R. Highman, J. Smith, A. Swinglehurst, S. Salmons, P. O'Nions, M. Bennett, A. Davis.

The following have represented the 2nd XI: P. Elmore, J. Bunting, J. Morgan, B. Pope, C. Brazier, S. Taylor, A. Davis, J. Dixon, J. Bullock, J. Rawbone, M. Salmons, A. Bluck, K. Highman, A. Swinglehurst, P. Smith.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Leamington College (home), won, 4—2.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 3—1
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 3—2.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won, 3—2.
"	v. Studley College (away), won, 5—1.
A.G.S. 2nd XI	v. Leamington College (home), won, 11—0.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 1—5.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 2—0.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 1—6.

P.M.E.A.

NETBALL

So far this term we have not played any matches. All our fixtures have been fixed for later in the term.

Practices have been held during Tuesday dinner-hours, and we soon hope to have practices after school.

K.N.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details were not received in time for inclusion in last term's magazine:—

FOOTBALL

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Hanley Castle G.S. (home), lost, 0—5.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 1—5.
SIDES:—	Jackals 1, Brownies 1; Tomtits 8, Brownies 0; Tomtits 3, Jackals 1.
SIDES (Junior):—	Brownies 2, Jackals 1; Tomtits 2, Brownies 1; Tomtits 3, Jackals 1.

HOCKEY

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 4—0.
"	v. Studley College (home), won, 8—2.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 4—0.
A.G.S. 2nd XI	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI (away), won, 5—3.
SIDES:—	Jackals 3, Brownies 1; Jackals 2, Tomtits 2; Tomtits 3, Brownies 1.
SIDES (Junior):—	Jackals 2, Brownies 2; Tomtits 3, Brownies 1; Tomtits 3, Jackals 2.

NETBALL

SIDES:—Jackals 18, Tomtits 7; Jackals 10, Brownies 9.

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